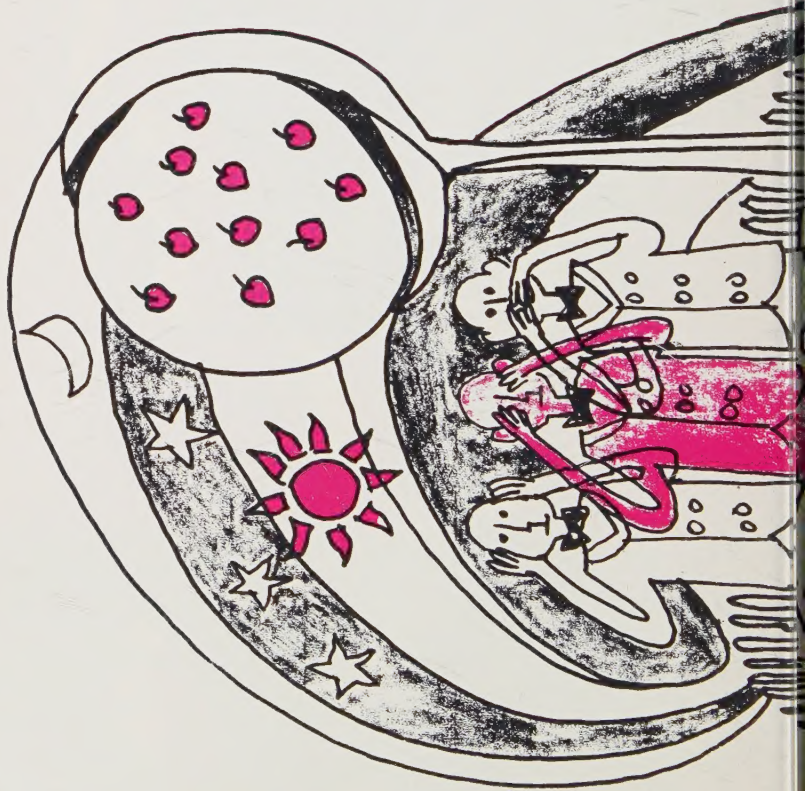


THE SETTLERS AND THE PIONEERS • LITTLE THINGS THAT BOTHER ME • THE NOWHERE MAN

YOUTH MAY 18/69 • TORCH NUMBER ONE





He's a real nowhere man
sitting in his nowhere land,
Making all his nowhere plans
for nobody.

Doesn't have a point of view
Knows not where he's going to,
Isn't he a bit like you
and me?

Nowhere man, please listen
you don't know what you're
missin'

Nowhere man, the world is
at your command.

He's as blind as he can be
just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere man, can you see me
at all?

Nowhere man, don't worry
take your time, don't hurry,
Leave it all till someone else
lends you a hand.

Doesn't have a point of view
knows not where he's going to



missin'
Nowhere man, the world is at
your command.

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THE NOWHERE MAN

By JACK H. BRENNECKE / No Beatles fan really claims to understand everything John Lennon and Paul McCartney are saying in their songs and poetry. I'm no exception. But, as a very real appreciator, I try. There's a heavy message in most of it.

One of their best songs is the one called "Nowhere Man."

The "Nowhere Man" isn't just some out-of-it, hard-to-find nobody that John and Paul invented. He's spookily hiding there in all of us, and blatantly apparent in many of us. He's the very-straight, very tied-up, very-safe, uninvolved and uncommitted man who, strangely enough, is a kind of traditional hero in American life. He doesn't break many long-

May 18, 1969

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standing rules, hardly ever offends polite people, doesn't spit on the sidewalk (or loiter there, either!), never even thinks of beating his wife or of telling nice, old people he thinks they're decaying. He works hard, long hours, provides a lot of nice material things for his spouse and kidlets, owns a car or two, lives in a nice, middle-class neighborhood, pays his bills on time, and leads what society calls "a good life."

So, what's wrong with that? Listen.

Their kids are the ones we're getting more and more at Mental Health Clinics, like the one where I work. The kids I get are either on probation, wards of the court, drop-outs referred by schools, or come in at their parents' nudging because they're

strung-out on grass or pills or Peace or something else the parents can't understand or like. And, in almost every case, when I talk to the parents, I get the same story: "Fix the kid up, will you? He's really gone crazy!"

"Crazy"? A bad word, but everyone uses it. It isn't a word we can even define in psychology but we "kind of" know what it means by it. Kind of. It's close to being a good word when it means behavior that's bizarre, inappropriate, out-of-touch-with reality, or really harmful to the person or to others. But, most people, especially some of the parents of teen-aged kids, mean "any kind of behavior which they don't understand, like, approve of or which embarrasses me, or which makes me feel helpless."

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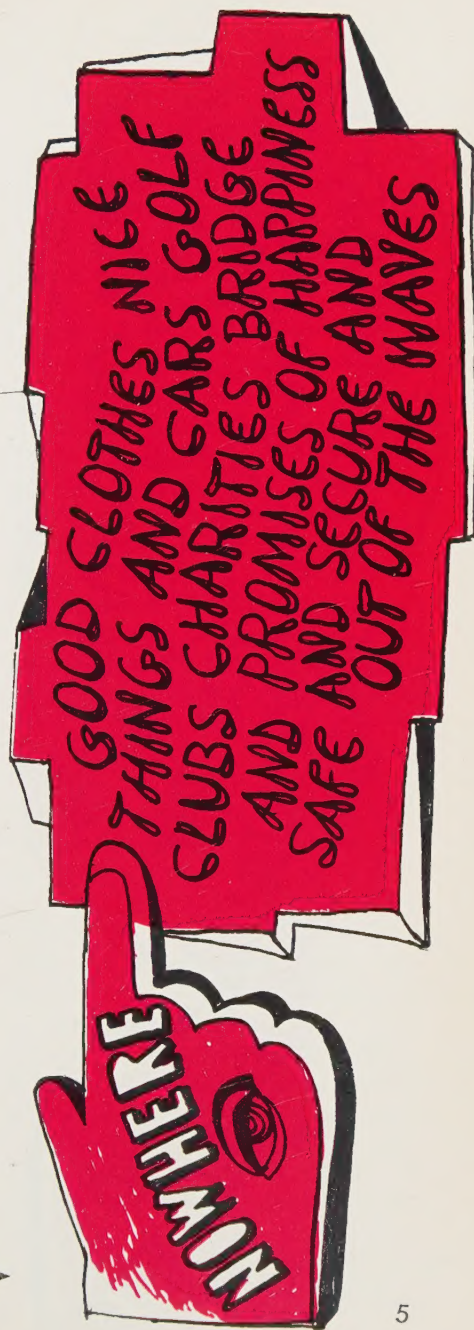
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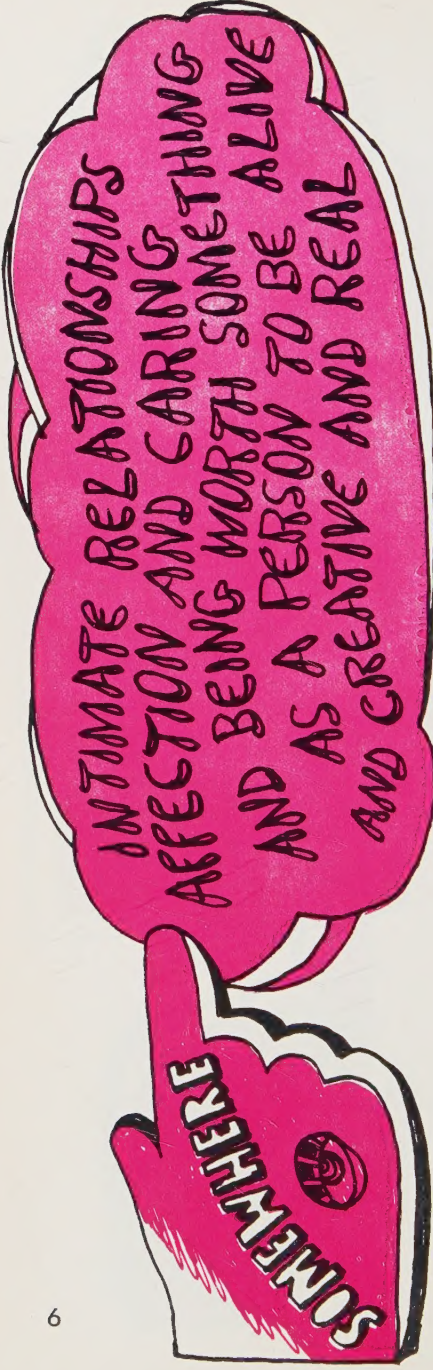
In other years, the kind of kids who got in trouble were almost 100% members of lower class, marginal homes, products of broken homes, illegitimate, retarded, or mentally screwed-up. But, these kids whom we're getting more and more of are an interesting mixture. Sure, we still get lots who fit into the old category. But, more of them every day are kids from intact families (that means mom and pop still dwell under the same roof), who earn good salaries, who come from business and professional classes, who take their families to church, who buy them good clothes, who often give them cars, who. . . . Say! These parents sound oddly like labels we just hung on "Nowhere Man." What's happening?

I'm going to climb out on a limb, where it's scary to be because it's not popular, especially when you live in, and derive your income from, Middle-Class America.

What's happening is that too many of these kids are full up to here (gesture indicating the Adam's Apple) with the fullness of their material, "thing-y," living and empty in all other ways. They have all the "things" and advantages that our materialistic and success-worshiping society tells us we need to be happy, and yet they aren't happy. How come?

If the kids talk to me, they talk about how the things their folks and *their* friends like to do seem empty and meaningless, or dull





INTIMATE RELATIONSHIPS
AFFECTION AND CARING
AND BEING WORTH SOMETHING
AND AS A PERSON TO BE ALIVE
AND CREATIVE AND REAL

SOMEWHERE

and irrelevant, or hung-up on money or status or something. These kids see "The Graduate" as a very real story of their lives, and they want to break loose from a life that doesn't seem like Life to them at all. It seems to begin Nowhere and to be heading Nowhere.

Part of it (I'm happy to say) is because of their education. In more and more schools across the land, teachers are trying to get away from the older idea of just giving them reading and writing and arithmetic, all learned by memory, and are trying to interest their students in the "reasons why." More and more, lectures are being replaced by discussions, independent study, and an all-around partnership in the educational process. Kids, even the shy ones, are beginning to like this, because it is very often the first time they have experienced themselves as anything more than just an empty jug into which teachers pour centuries of canned ideas. The kids are beginning to experience themselves as creative, versatile, fellow-teachers and fellow-learners with their teachers.

In doing this, the teachers are giving up some of their traditional prestige and privilege, and it feels good to all concerned. Yet, the student too often has to go home to a family wherein he's not a partner, not a sharing and creative member, where he's just a "punk kid." The contrast is confusing to say the least.

And me? I'm caught some

where in the middle. Old enough to see both sides. I see the parents' values and how they get caught up in the bag of work and earning and committing yourself to a job, a home, a family, and a society. And young enough to remember how bright dreams are, how turned-on you can get by just being alive, young, healthy, full of love and wonder, and how impatient you get with the ruts society seems to steer you into.

I can't use the word "crazy" for most of these kids — not even the word "sick." "Mixed-up," "confused," "disgusted," "disenchanted" — any one of these fits snugly onto any dozen of these young people, and it makes me wonder whether or not they can ever regain some of the closeness some of them had with their parents.

Most of them have had some closeness. Most all of you have had peaky times of feeling "right in there" with your folks, when all there was around you was love and warmth and good feeling. But, sometimes the parents forget how good that stuff feels. They forget how *nobody* outgrows that need.

Sometimes the parents get caught up in a hell-bent race for something that just keeps slipping out of their grasp. Sometimes they spend more and more hours on the job trying to earn money, for money promises to buy that "something." Sometimes they spend more and more hours in clubs, charities, going back to

school, or playing bridge, or golf, or going to parties — all these things promise them happiness!!

Whatever pathway they choose, they all seem to lead away from the people who need them. I didn't say "they all seem to lead them away from home," because many people who spend very little clock-time at home still manage to hang in there with a kind of deep feeling and warmth for their spouses and kids.

"Nowhere Man" seems caught up in the rat-race. He has to get, get, get, and in getting whatever he's going after, he forgets first of all that he's a person, who can handle only so much. Or, he recognizes that he's limited in time and energy and interest, but, since we're motivated by our material advantages, he often says: "The family will just have to understand."

But, the family never really does. I mean, none of us likes to be put in second or third place, not if there's really a choice. "Nowhere Man" either forgets that fact or he ignores it and substitutes the "nice things," like big houses, cars, Disneyland, campers, or prestige schools, for the "real things," like relationships, affection, and caring. Many people gain a building, and lose a home.

Many of the kids, to get the love they want, steal it. Some of them, to get the attention they want and deserve, act out against the laws and traditions of the society they blame (rightly) for horning-

in on the relationships they once had (or dream of having) with their parents.

Some of the kids who come to us *are*, to be sure, really sick — brain-damaged, mentally defective, really disturbed emotionally. And, a growing lot of them are products of the “tragedies” of life — death, desertion, divorce, alcoholism, rejection. But, too many of them are products of a “sick society,” and I mean the emotional emptiness of their nice homes, the purposeless wheel-spinning of their parents. So, these kids, whom their parents and the police often label “sick” are really just fighting to stay alive in a “sick system.” I often wonder how “sick” it is to want to fight sickness!!!

It's not a bad world, really, nor is our society entirely bad. But, sometimes I question how right, how moral, how healthy, how creative, and how realistic it is.

It provides us with the highest standard of living anywhere, more economic security and opportunity than most. But, why, with all the good, is there so much real meaning missing? If I could pick out the things in our society that make me uncomfortable (against which I find too many kids are fighting), they would be two: *the loss of the feeling of Human Worth and the cheating out of Relationship.*

A man who is struggling to keep up with a system that is as

fast-paced as ours too often gives up his feeling of being *Worth Something*. His only worth seems to be measured in dollars, or promotions, or tax assessments. He loses the idea that he is worth something just by being himself. He feels unimportant if he isn't noticed by the Boss or if he isn't on a Committee. He feels his kids are worthy only as tax-exemptions. Little League pitchers, scholarship-winners, or sometimes, as evidence of his ability to reproduce.

Intimate Relationships sometimes seem like luxuries to these people. Too many working adults can't get close to anyone: their employers or employees, their customers, their friends, not even their family-members. Somehow, intimate relationships seem to interfere with their job efficiency. Oh, we do allow some relationships: we still insist on marriage, and we still ask people to discuss things. But, too often the discussions or group dynamics are only for the purpose of “reaching goals,” not for the meaning and enjoyment of interacting with one another. To be able to jump in life-in-hand, and risk gaining or losing something: this is the meaning of any intimate involvement with another person.

But, too much in our world frightens us away from these two things. It's easier to pay somebody else to do it, or join a com-

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mittee to do it, or better yet, bury
our head in a martini, or a char-
ty, or a prayerbook, and pretend
he needs aren't there!!

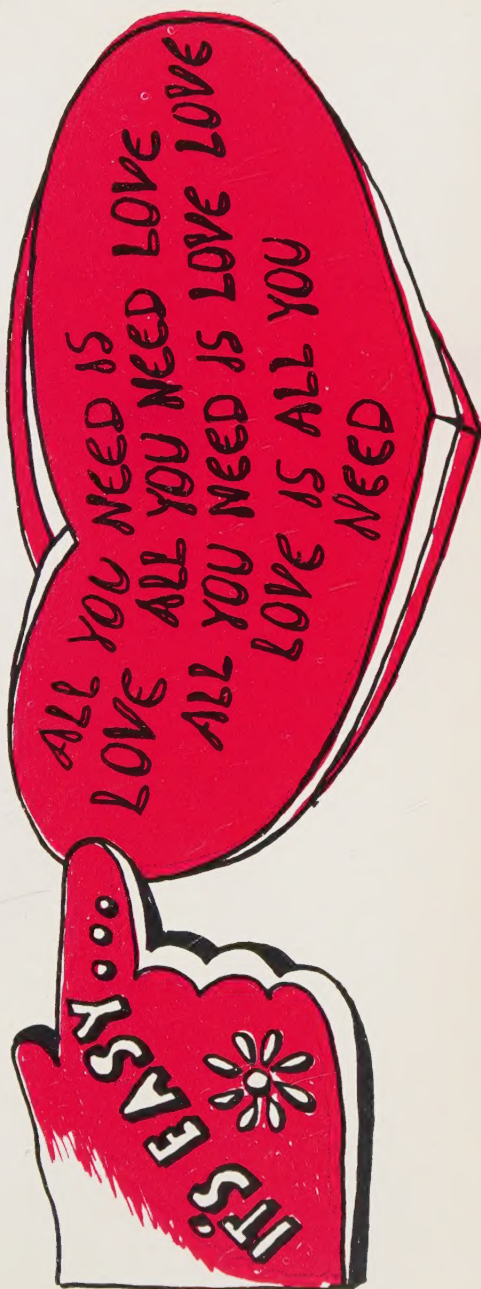
I'm not blaming the parents en-
irely for the disenchantment
which many kids feel toward the
American Way of Life" today.
The system is good and bad. The
worst feature of it is that it is
igid and can't, or won't change,
rom being a mechanical, auto-
mated, 40%-fewer-cavities, elec-
tronic wonder, to a flexible com-
municative pattern of life that
ncourages people to bring out
he best Worth in them and to
orm good and open and beauti-
ul relationships of warmth and
ntimacy. The System has too
many years of practice and billions
of dollars invested in it.

No, I only blame the misplacing
f Value: whether it's done by a
ystem, or a Parent, or a Teacher,
r a President, or by a Kid.

It's still not easy being a Human
being. It never has been or will
e. But, as painful as it is to be
Somewhere," to be alive, crea-
ve, involved, and real, it's a lot
more rewarding than being "No-
where," where it's merely safe,
ecure, out of the waves.

"All You Need Is Love" is
another Beatles' song. It's over-
mplified and maybe kind of trite.
ut, I think the only really wrong
ing about it is that it just hasn't
really been tried.

Peace





LITTLE
THINGS
THAT
BOTHER
ME...



'Fake' people, especially those hypocritical people who are always on the winning side. — Steve Eberhard, New Braunfels, Tex.

A person with a runny nose that sniffs. — Deb Horton, Hamburg, N. Y.

Girls who chase boys. — Debbie Yoder, Shamokin, Pa.

When someone wrongly accuses me and doesn't let me explain.
— Don Nefzer, Brown Deer, Wis.

Fascist policemen (Chicago variety). — Jim Amelang, Louisville, Ky.

Not getting too good of a grade in my physics class. — Sue Engel, Waterloo, Ia.

People who are loud and boisterous at the wrong time or place.
— Kay Baker, Genoa, Ohio

People who don't do anything but complain about other people and everything in general. — Beth Coulter, Los Alamos, N. M.

Insincerity and superficiality in people. — Gardner McFall, Jacksonville, Fla.

Social and sexual mores that keep people from communicating — being open to one another — loving. — Paul Kozelka, Williamstown, Mass.

People who tell me what to do. — Judy Robinson, Goffstown, N. H.

People with cold hearts, closed minds. — Darrel Weybright, Syracuse, Ind.

When someone lies to you about loving you. — Nanette Akau, Ada, Okla.

No freedom. — Bill Sery, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Stupid questions of trite teachers; prejudice — when you oppose something you don't know about. — John Cooper, New York, N. Y.



People who hurt animals. — Jeanne Gingrich, Toledo, Ohio

Whether or not people like me or not. — Beth Lamb, Whitewater, Kans.

Eating noises made by the members of my family. — Jonathan Menn, Appleton, Wis.

Drivers not paying attention to driving or with high beams on coming toward you. — Jane Light, Palmyra, Pa.

People who sing off key. — Carolyn Davis, Stoneham, Mass.

Young people, especially girls, that smoke. — Jon Cochran, Lewisburg, Ohio

People not being themselves. — Claudia Lybrook, Kokomo, Ind.

Name-calling and mocking of another's language or religion.
— Scott Milnor, Pomfret, Conn.

Intolerance of human imperfection that shows in every little thing.
— Ann Haruki, Kapaa, Hawaii

The car that we own. (It needs a new clutch!) — Mike Macmann, Los Alamos, N. M.

People who steer away from an honest relationship because they are frightened. — Gail Hayes, McPherson, Kans.

People using my things and not putting them back where they got them. — Penny Smith, Livingston, Mont.

Someone who gripes at an uncoordinated person. People who swear at the least little thing. — Debbie Schmidt, Polo, Ill.

People that gossip and tear down others or stick their nose where it doesn't belong. — Terri Ann Snyder, Morrill, Kans.

Routine and the uncreative abuse of time. — Ross Fricke, Brookfield, Wis.

Nice kind people are dying and mean cruel apes are living. — Jeff Blair, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

When people say things they don't honestly mean. — Paula Schloneger, Plymouth, Ind.

The people who won't accept responsibilities. — Mike Gloye, Indianapolis, Ind.

Bragging. — Judy Harbaugh, Waterloo, Ia.

Unreasonable, close-minded people. — Kathy Condon, Westminster, Md.

People in study hall who are always goofing off when I am trying to study. — Greg Frolke, Bradford, Ohio

"Sassy" people. — Karen Kamp, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Linking Geometry. — Nancy Powers, Sanbornton, N. H.

People trying to be something that they're not and end up by making a complete fool of themselves. — Eileen Phillips, N. Woodstock, Ct.

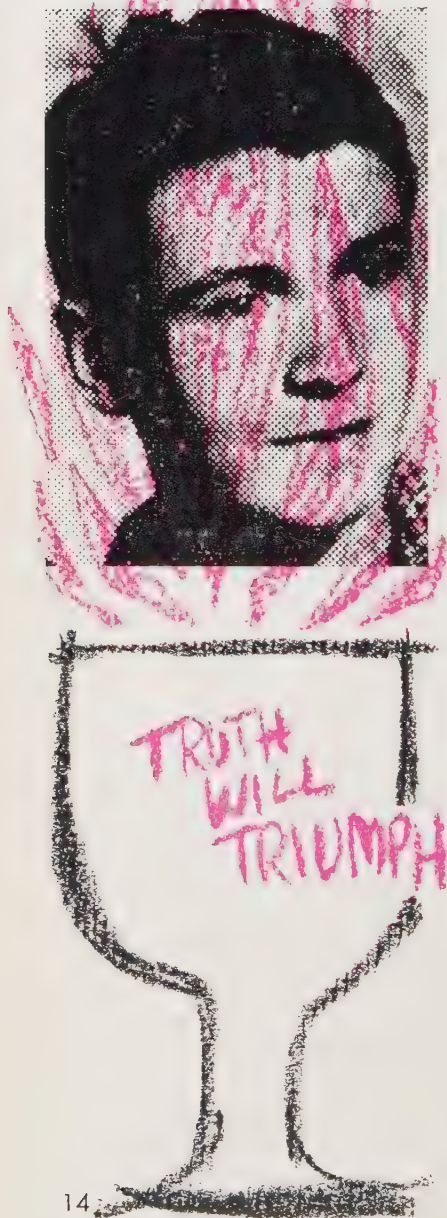
People saying they will do something but don't. — Elizabeth Cornell, Willingboro, N.J.

For a person to call me a name. — Terry Cole, Milwaukee, Wis.

When people aren't willing to try anything, they just give up. — Chris Anderson, Two Rivers, Wis.



torch number one



BY EVE BOCK / On January 16, 1968, a 21-year-old Czech university student named Jan Palach went to Prague's famous Wenceslas Square, removed his coat and put it on the railing surrounding a fountain in front of the imposing National Museum, poured kerosene over himself and set himself aflame.

"I saw this figure running toward me, burning from head to toe," recalled a streetcar dispatcher who happened to be nearby and who beat out the flames with his coat.

"I did it myself," the boy said to him, adding that there was a note in his coat on the railing. Then he collapsed. He was rushed to the hospital with third degree burns over 85 percent of his body. Three days later he died. But before he died, he was able to realize the profound impact of his deed, and said to a friend, "My act has fulfilled its purpose."

What was the purpose? Why did this bizarre act shake the country and produce a governmental crisis more profound than anything else since the start of the hated Russian occupation? Why did it bring forth a shocked reaction throughout the world—a world used to violence and death?

Part of the answer is contained in the note found in the pocket of the coat which Jan Palach left behind. He demanded in it "immediate abolition of censorship" and "prohibition of further distribution of *Zprávy*, the malicious publication of the So-



The burning of Reformer Jan Hus at the stake in 1415 was a turning point in Czech history.

viet occupation forces, written in Czech and distributed in large numbers among the population. Then he warned that, if his demands were not met, other young people would repeat his act. "Our group is made up of volunteers who have decided to burn themselves for our cause. I had the honor of drawing lot number one, and the privilege of writing the first letter and becoming the first human torch . . ." He signed the note "Torch Number One."

Although Palach's demands were far more modest than the demands adopted in the so-called "Prague Manifesto" by the students of Charles University, his Alma Mater, just one day before his self-immolation, the reaction to his act was overwhelming from the start. Within hours, the Secretary of National Education, Dr. Vilibald Bezdíček, called a meeting of the heads of Prague's various institutions of higher learning and urged them to "help students find their orientation in life, and to clarify the prospects of the young generation in the present difficult situation."

Jaroslav Seifert, acting chairman of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union (which was so instrumental in bringing about the liberalization process in the pre-invasion days), went on television on the same day and read an emotional appeal to "You Boys Who Have Decided to Die": "We do not want to live in bondage, and so we will not live in bondage. This is the will of all of us, of all the

people who struggle for freedom for our nation, freedom for our land. No one must remain alone. You students who have decided on the most desperate act, you, too, must not feel that there is no other way except for the way which you have chosen . . . You have a right to do what you want. But if you do not want us all to kill ourselves, don't kill yourselves."

Other appeals followed. "If you have any influence on young people, tell them to love life," another man pleaded on television. "It is horrid," wrote 'a father of a boy, who, too, is 21' in the Literary Magazine, "if a young person finds himself in a situation where he has to face up to that fundamental question—to be or not to be. . . But whoever raises his hand to take his life, raises hand against Life that belongs to anyone, everyone, all of us."

The height of the reaction to Palach's act came, however, on January 19 at five o'clock in the afternoon, when a woman announcer for Radio Prague informed the public of his death. As dusk fell upon the city, students bearing candles, black banners of mourning, and the red, blue and white Czechoslovak flags started to pour to Wenceslas Square, and, passing the statue of the Good King who is the Patron Saint of the Czech nation, placed candles, wreaths, flowers and banners around the fountain where Jan Palach had burned himself. And there, amidst the sea of flowers and

UPI Photo

humiliation . . .

In the streets of Prague, on August 21, 1968, Czechs jeered at a tank of the Soviet invaders.



flags, stood a sign that lifted the young student Jan Palach among the immortal sons of his nation, and gave the missing part of the answer to the significance of his death. The sign read

JAN - JAN
1415 - 1969

The first Jan mentioned in the sign is none other than the most famous Czech of them all, reformer Jan Hus, burned at the stake as a heretic in 1415. First student and later theology professor at the same Charles University where Jan Palach studied, he dared to shake the foundations of the powerful, rich, corrupt medieval church by calling it to the life of obedience, poverty, service and truth.

Truth was one of the most essential elements of Hus's teaching. "Love the truth, search for the truth, defend the truth, speak the truth" — that was his categorical imperative. Charged with heresy, he was sent to death. The nation, outraged by both the attempts to crush the ideals that he stood for, as well as by the injustice done to him personally, rose in violent protest against the ecclesiastical and political powers responsible for the death sentence. For decades the Hussite army, 'The Warriors of the Lord,' defended the land successfully against the far more powerful army of the 'Crusaders,' ordered to bring the heretical nation to its knees by force.

Hus's fiery death on July 6, 1415,

is the focal point of all of Czech history, and has the same haunting quality about it now as it had five and a half centuries ago. The day of his death is a national holiday, the Hussite motto, "Truth prevails," is the national motto. Each religious, social or political concept is ultimately weighed against some Hussite principle; standing up for truth is considered almost a national mission.

Jan Palach knew all of this. He knew it because he was a Czech; he knew it because he was a student of history; he knew it because he was a Protestant. He came from a family well known in Protestant circles for several generations. One of his forefathers supposedly witnessed a secret Protestant worship service behind a barn during the time of the Counter-Reformation when the Protestant religion was prohibited and was so inspired by it that he asked to be baptized with his whole family. Ever since that time the ideas of Jan Hus were kept alive in the family.

And now Jan found himself living at a time when a 'modern-day Hus,' Alexander Dubcek, had undertaken the task of reformation of another superstructure, that of international communism, and had challenged its position much the same way as Jan Hus challenged the position of the medieval church — not by meeting its enormous physical power with a still greater physical power, but with the power of the spirit.

e shall remain faithful"

What Dubcek was saying, and what the Russians did not want to hear, was simply that socialism had become unfaithful to its original mission of concern for the poor, justice for the downtrodden, hope for the hopeless, and that it had to be restored to that mission. In a way, his concept of 'socialism with a human face' was not all too different from Hus's concept of 'a church with a Christian face'—poor, humble, obedient to its calling.

The nation understood Dubcek's efforts and supported him wholeheartedly. But the Russians felt so threatened that they sent their 'Crusaders' from the five Warsaw Pact countries to bring the nation of political heretics in line. The heroic performance of the Czech people at the time of the invasion and during the few days thereafter is well known.

Young people have to be given much credit for that heroism. They were the ones who staged the massive sit-ins that the Russians could not handle, who painted the signs "To Moscow" on practically every crossroad, who argued with the soldiers to go back home. But they restrained themselves from violence and offered only passive resistance. And they proclaimed again and again their loyalty to their leaders and their support of 'socialism with a human face.'

As the Russian occupation continued, however, there appeared a danger that because of the enormous

In Prague on January 25, 1969, Czechs stand near the statue of King Wenceslas waiting for the hearse carrying Jan Palach's body.



UPI Photo

"Love the truth, search for the truth, defend the truth"

Russian pressure the Czechs would lose many of the social reforms introduced by Dubcek, such as freedom of speech and assembly, freedom of press, freedom of travel, freedom of religion, and would have to return to the Russian style of communism. It was at this critical moment that Jan Palach and his friends decided to remind the nation of its heritage of standing up against oppression and for freedom and truth. The means they chose — death by fire — could not possibly have been misunderstood.

It was not. The nation, numb

with grief, recognized the magnitude of his sacrifice. Newspapers and magazines carried scores of articles calling the nation to unity and steadfastness. The country's political leaders sent a telegram of sympathy to Jan's widowed mother, acknowledging that they were "deeply moved by the sacrifice of your son" and assuring her that "we know that he was led by his genuine and honest love of his country." Pope Paul compared him to the early Christian martyrs. Students in a number of European universities held meetings to his memory.



Speak the truth" — Jan Hus

An American college professor who happened to have been in Prague at the time wrote back, "Palach's martyrdom seems to have had something of the same, or at least a similar, effect as President Kennedy's assassination did on us. It made people realize that they hadn't really done what they should have done, that they had begun to lose hope and faith — and here this young boy sees it so clearly and decides that this must not be, and with unbelievable heroism takes action to shock people into realization of what they must do — to stand

More than 3000 persons waited in line outside the 600-year-old Gothic Carolinum Hall of Charles University to see the casket of Jan Palach.

firm, to refuse to yield. In a sense we feel that we are better people for what we have witnessed this week in Prague, and we are particularly aware of the stark contrast between Czech unity and our own nagging divisions within our American society."

But perhaps more eloquent, and more promising for the future of not only Czechoslovakia but the world, were the words on the banners carried by other youth in the mammoth funeral procession. They read, "We shall remain faithful." Every Czech recognizes these as the final words of the eulogy spoken at the funeral of the founder of modern Czechoslovakia, Dr. Thomas Masaryk, by the country's second president, Dr. Eduard Benes. Turning to the casket containing the body of that great and noble man, Benes pledged for the nation, "President — Liberator, to the heritage that you have placed into our hands, we shall remain faithful." This pledge has been a great source of strength and inspiration to the Czech nation during the dark days of the Nazi occupation.

Jan Palach has forced his people to renew the pledge for the dark days of the Russian occupation. There is a growing awareness in Czechoslovakia that there is strength in the midst of weakness, and glory in the midst of suffering and humiliation — as long as the country remains faithful to the ideals that made it great.



UPI Photo

touch & go

CREATIVE RESPONSE

Our daughter, who is 15, wrote the following poem when she had finished assembling the poster in the February 9 issue of YOUTH:

*Weep for Janie.
She walked alone
in fields,
 beneath the moon,
sharing flowers with the night.*

*They saw this child,
a lonely wanderer
in tattered clothes,
 going barefoot,
and running wild through the
wind.*

*They heard her voice,
mournfully sweet,
singing songs,
 humming tunes,
that faded beyond the river's
shore.*

*Janie lived
with the sun,
loving gold,
 and warming rays
to dance through her tangled hair.*

*They took her away,
while she slept,
from dreams,
 (from sadness)
to other worlds, promising hap-
piness.*

*She walks alone,
lost forever
in clouds,
 in midnight black,
(freed from misery).

You smile, knowing,
to weep for Janie.
 (by Stephnee Poston
Palo Alto, Calif.)*

TAKE A THEOLOGIAN CAMPING

I have just finished reading Roger Shinn's article in the February 23 issue, and I think it's great!!!! I have been looking for a study source which we can use on one of our Massachusetts Conference Camps this summer. This is it!!!
— D.W., Brimfield, Mass.

The February 23 issue is so excellent that a layman and I wish to use it in a confirmation class as a resource.
— A.B., Hood River, Ore.

IS IT TRUE??

In the February 23 issue of YOUTH Dr. Shinn wrote that Nietzsche's reason for believing God is dead was that if there were god, Nietzsche could not bear not being one. There are many ways of interpreting Nietzsche, but I think Dr. Shinn does him an injustice. Consider also that Nietzsche wrote "God is dead and we have killed

him. How shall we the murderers of all murderers console ourselves? That which was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet possessed has bled to death under our knives." Nietzsche was no doubt an arrogant man, but simple arrogance was not, as Dr. Shinn's answer would seem to suggest, Nietzsche's sole reason for declaring God dead. Nietzsche believed there once was a God, but that God has been killed by our living.

—C.P., Belleville, Ill.

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR

Thank you very much for printing my pictures in your magazine about radio station KOMA (Feb. 23). I

was greatly surprised and honored that my pictures actually got into a nationally-read magazine. I also want to thank you for a well-written story about KOMA. The story was descriptive of what KOMA is really like, and described what I felt as I toured the radio station.

—M.M., Los Alamos, N.M.

JUST THANKS

Thank you for the excellent issue of January 12, 1969. Our young people used it as a resource for group discussion on the several topics covered. Because of the discussion and the enthusiasm with which it was carried out, I saw our youth in a new perspective.

—C.F., Elmore, Ohio

"Gee! My first computer date! I wonder what he'll be like?"

Cartoon from
Masters Agency





THE SETTLERS AND THE PIONEERS

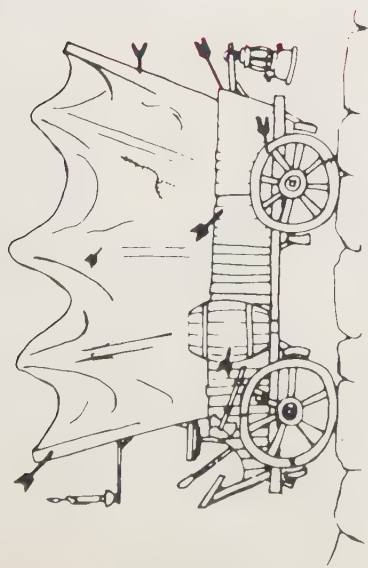
By WES SEELINGER / There are two views of life and two kinds of people. Some see life as a possession to be carefully guarded. They are **SETTLERS**. Others see life as a fantastic, wild explosive gift. They are **PIONEERS**.

The visible church is an outfit with an abundance of settlers and a few pioneers. The invisible church is the fellowship of pioneers.

To no one's surprise there are two kinds of theology. **SETTLER THEOLOGY** and **PIONEER THEOLOGY**. **SETTLER THEOLOGY** is an attempt to answer all the questions, define and housebreak some sort of "Supreme Being," establish the status quo on Golden Tablets in cinema-scope. **PIONEER THEOLOGY** is an attempt to talk about what it means to receive the strange gift of life and **LIVE**. The pioneer sees theology as a wild adventure, complete with Indians, saloon girls, and the haunting call of what is yet to be.

The wild west offers a stage for picturing these two types of theology. Settlers and Pioneers use the same words but that is where it stops. To see what I mean — read on.

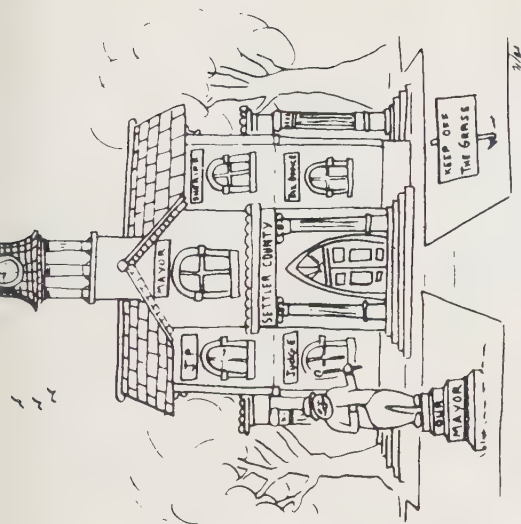
THE CHURCH



IN PIONEER THEOLOGY — THE COVERED WAGON

The church is the **COVERED WAGON**. It is a house on wheels—always on the move. No place is its home. The covered wagon is where the pioneers eat, sleep, fight, love, and die. It bears the marks of life and movement—it creaks, is scarred with arrows, bandaged with bailing wire. The covered wagon is always where the action is. It moves in on the future and doesn't bother to glorify its own ruts. The old wagon isn't comfortable, but the pioneers could care less. There is a new world to explore.

25



IN SETTLER THEOLOGY — THE COURTHOUSE

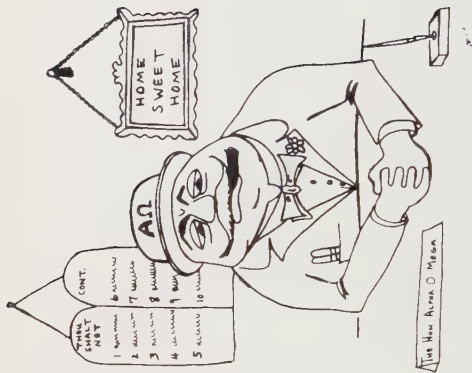
The church is the **COURTHOUSE**. It is the center of town life. The old stone structure dominates the town square. Its windows are small. This makes the thing easy to defend, but quite dark inside. Its doors are solid oak. No one lives there except pigeons and they, of course, are most unwelcome.

Within the thick, courthouse walls records are kept, taxes collected, trials held for bad guys. The courthouse runs the town. It is the settler's symbol of law, order, stability, and most important—security.

The mayor's office is on the top floor. His eagle eye scopes out the smallest details of town life.



GOD



IN SETTLER THEOLOGY — THE MAYOR

God is the **MAYOR**. The honorable Alpha O. Mega, chief executive of Settler City, is a sight to behold. Dressed like a dude from back East he lounges in an over-stuffed chair in his courthouse office. He keeps the blinds drawn. No one sees or knows him directly, but since there is order in the town who can deny that he is there? The mayor is predictable and always on schedule. . . . The settlers fear the mayor, but look to him to clear the payroll and keep things going. The mayor controls the courthouse which in turn runs the town. Peace and quiet are the mayor's main concerns. That is why he sends the sheriff to check on pioneers

IN PIONEER THEOLOGY — THE TRAIL BOSS

God is the **TRAIL BOSS**. He is rough and rugged — full of life. He . . . lives, eats, sleeps, fights with his men. Their well being is his concern. Without him the wagon wouldn't move — the pioneers would become fat and lazy. Living as a free man would be impossible. The trail boss often gets down in the mud with the pioneers to help push the wagon which frequently gets stuck. He slugs the pioneers when they get soft and want to

JESUS



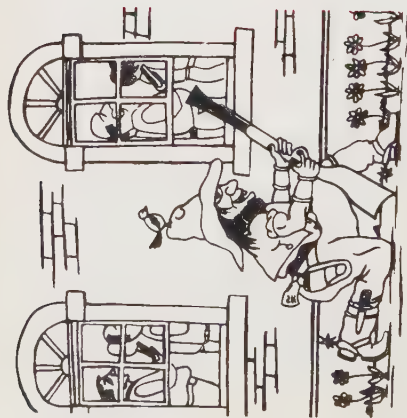
IN PIONEER THEOLOGY — THE SCOUT

Jesus is the **SCOUT**. He rides out ahead to find out which way the pioneers should go. He lives all the dangers of the trail. The scout suffers every hardship, is attacked by the Indians, feared by the settlers. Through his actions and words he shows the true spirit, intent and concern of the trail boss. By looking at the scout, those on the trail learn what it really means to be a pioneer.



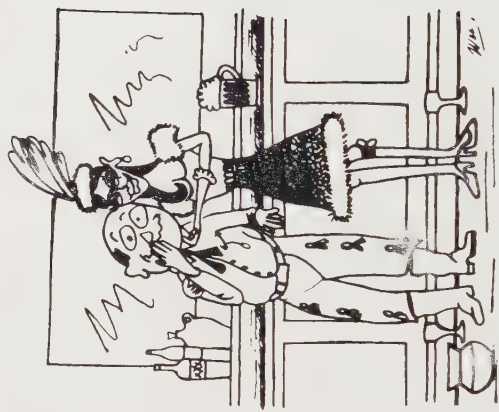
IN SETTLER THEOLOGY — THE SHERIFF

Jesus is the **SHERIFF**. He is the guy who is sent by the mayor to enforce the rules. He wears a white hat — drinks milk — outdraws the bad guys. He saves the settlers by offering security. The sheriff decides who is thrown in jail. There is a saying in town that goes like this — those who believe the mayor sent the sheriff and follow the rules won't stay in boothill when it comes their time.



IN PIONEER THEOLOGY — THE BUFFALO HUNTER

The Holy Spirit is the BUFFALO HUNTER. He rides along with the wagon train and furnishes fresh, raw meat for the pioneers. Without it they would die. The buffalo hunter is a strange character—sort of a wild man. The pioneers never can tell what he will do next. He scares the hell out of the settlers. He has a big, black gun that goes off like a cannon. He amuses himself by riding into town on Sunday to shake up the settlers. You see, every Sunday morning, the settlers have a little ice cream party in the courthouse. With his gun in hand the buffalo hunter sneaks up to one of the courthouse windows. He fires a tremendous blast which shakes the entire courthouse. Men jump out of their skin, women scream, dogs bark. Chuckling to himself, the buffalo hunter rides back to the wagon

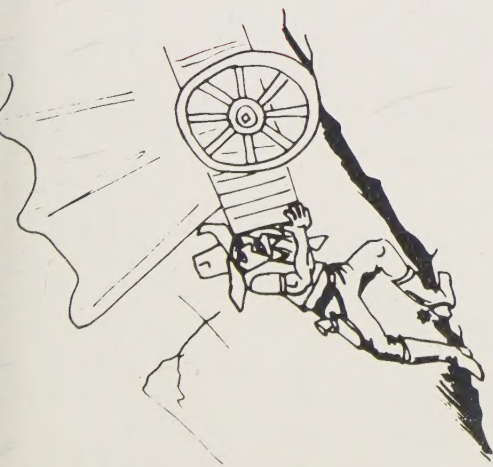


IN SETTLER THEOLOGY — THE SALOON GIRL

The Holy Spirit is a SALOON GIRL. Her job is to comfort the settlers. They come to her when they feel lonely, or when life gets dull or dangerous. She tickles them under the chin and makes everything O.K. again. The saloon girl squeals to the sheriff when someone starts disturbing the peace. (Note to settlers: The whiskey served in Settler City Saloon is the non-

THE HOLY SPIRIT

THE CHRISTIAN



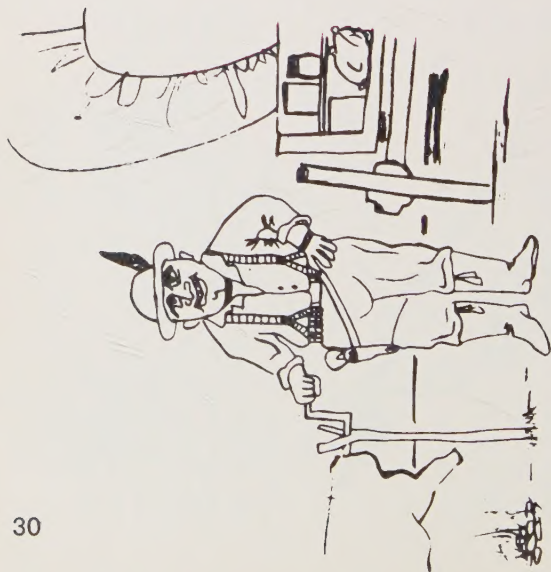
IN PIONEER THEOLOGY — THE PIONEER

The Christian is the **PIONEER**. He is a man of risk and daring — hungry for adventure, new life, the challenge of being on the trail. He is tough, rides hard, knows how to use a gun when necessary. The pioneer feels sorry for the town folks and tries to tell them about the joy and fulfillment of a life following the trail. He dies with his boots on.



IN SETTLER THEOLOGY — THE SETTLER

The Christian is the **SETTLER**. He fears the open, unknown frontier. His concern is to stay in good with the mayor and keep out of the sheriff's way. He tends a small garden. "Safety First" is his motto. To him the courthouse is a symbol of security, peace, order, and happiness. He keeps his money in the bank. The banker is his best friend. He spends his time playing checkers in the restful shade of the oak trees lining the courthouse lawn. He never misses an ice cream party.



IN PIONEER THEOLOGY — THE COOK

The clergyman is the COOK. He doesn't furnish the meat — he just dishes up what the buffalo hunter provides. This is how he supports the movement of the wagon. He never confuses his job with that of the trail boss, scout, or buffalo hunter. He sees himself as just another pioneer who has learned to cook. The cook's

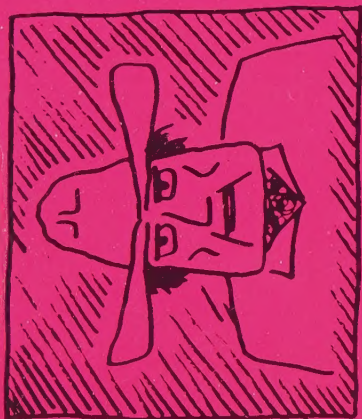


IN SETTLER THEOLOGY — THE BANKER

The clergyman is the BANKER. Within his vaults are locked the values of the town. He is suspicious of strangers. And why not? Look what he has to protect! The banker is a highly respected man in town. He has a gun, but keeps it hidden behind his desk. He feels that he and the sheriff have a lot in common. After all,

CLERGYMAN

WANTED



PIONEERS

FOR - THE RENEWAL
OF THE CHURCH

How do you respond to Father Wes Seelinger's effort to describe today's church? Do you agree or disagree with his definitions? Does using the "wild west" imagery help or hinder your understanding of what he's trying to say?

All of these drawings and descriptions are excerpted with permission from a booklet, "Western Theology," by Father Seelinger. He is a campus minister of the Episcopal Church serving the Episcopal Student Center St. Thomas Chapel at Texas A&M University.

I AM 20

(Dedicated to My Parents)

I am only thirteen,
I don't need you.
You can't help me
Nor can you love me.
I am me.
I am a whole person — a human being.
You don't understand me, and
I don't need you.

I am sixteen.
I need you even less now,
For I am even more of a person.
I can think for myself!
I know what I am doing.
I know where I am going.
I need no one.

I am eighteen.
I am no longer a loving child.
I am free.
I don't need anyone.
I am on my own.
I can sustain myself.
I will never need anyone again.
Let me live!

I am twenty.
I am still a child.
I need you.
I need you more now
than I've ever needed you before.
You are my SPECIAL friends.
I love you, and
I need you to love me.
You have given me life
And the means by which to live it.
You know me better than anyone
And yet, yet you still love me.
Thank you.

by Patricia Goodell
Aurora, Minn.